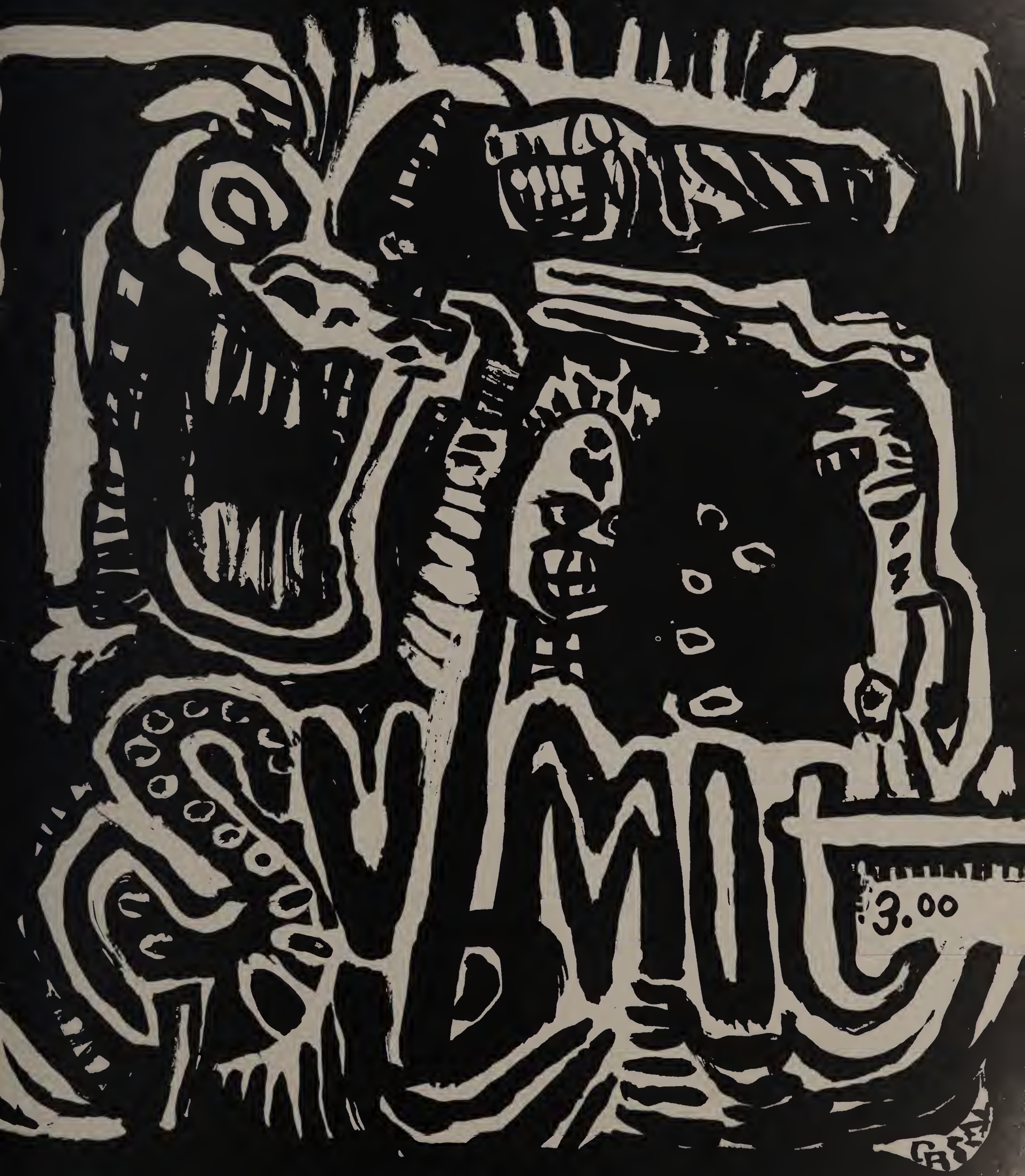
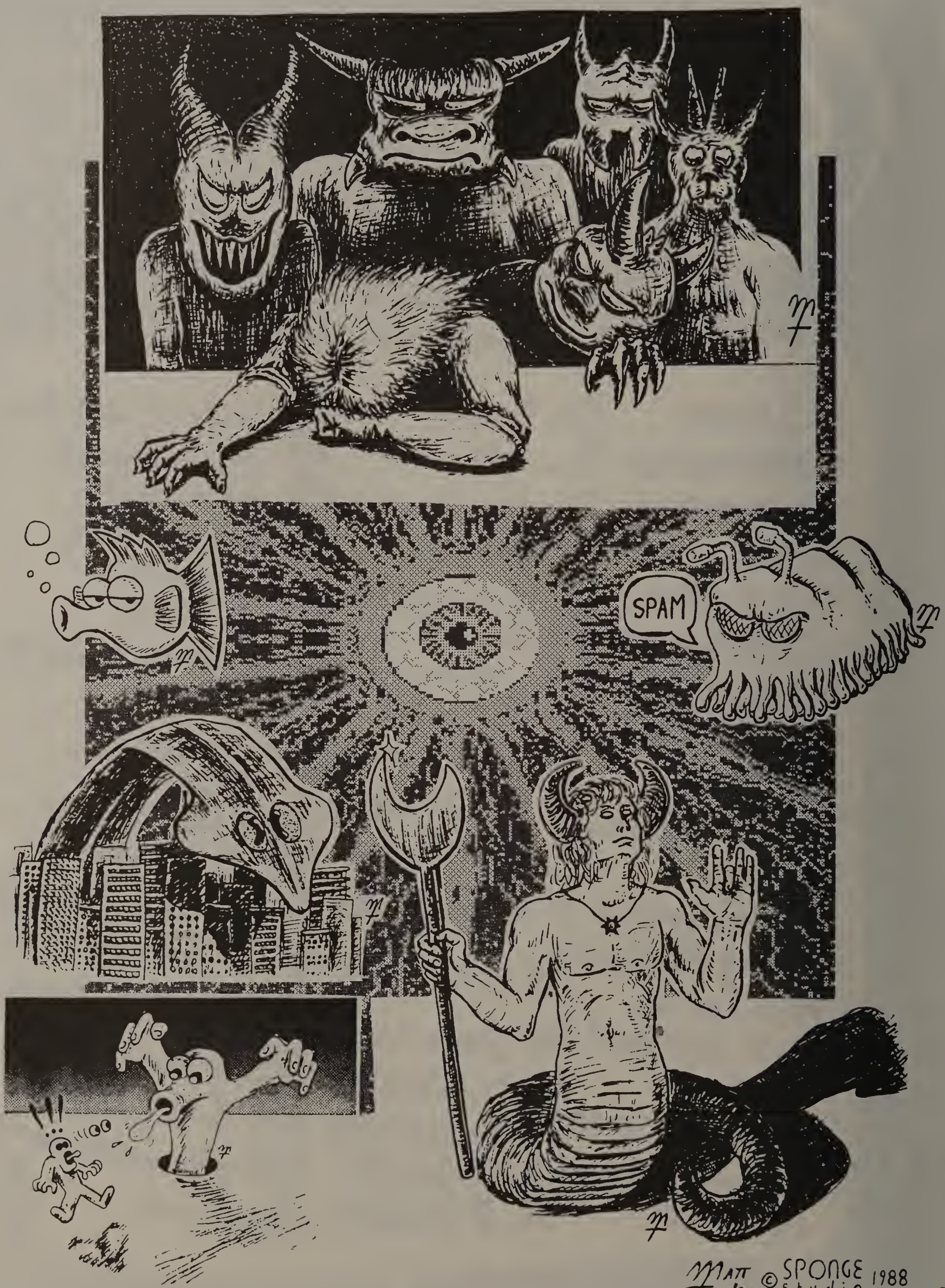

Submit
3.00

CONTENTS

SUBMISSIONS

1. J. CASEY
2. MATT TOWLER
3. TIM MURPHY
4. M. Draine
5. C. Ljuden
6. JOE Shepard
7. Julie Picard
8. Wafic Khalil
9. L. Beltran
10. Candace Holman
11. Reg.....
12. Nora Cannon
13. Greg Moutafis
14. C. Tauson
15. K. Redmond
16. Eric.....
17. K. K. DESPANTIS
18. Judy Curley
19. "
20. Trotter
21. "
22. Stacy Arestedes
23. T. Davenport
24. Sam French
25. M. Kalin
26. L. Mancuso
27. M. Draine
28. Buddy Delory
29. S. Thompkins
30. C. McGuire
31. C. Vasboukis
32. A. Donahue
33. Tamar. Laderman
34. D. Wheeler
35. D. Sullivan
36. M. Janoff
37. A Drujon
38. James Lewko
39. Filis Warren
40. Ben Dale
41. Jackie Kelly
42. T. J. Norris
43. J. Kent
44. Andrew Wiklund
45. Ditto
46. J. Laitala
47. J. Laitala
48. Holly Jaynes
49. Joe Shepard
50. K. Sommerville
51. K. Sommerville
52. John F. Casey, Jr.
53. A. Melville Hess
54. C. Ljuden
55. Ranu Mukherjee
56. Scoot...



Matt Fowler © SPONGE studio 1988

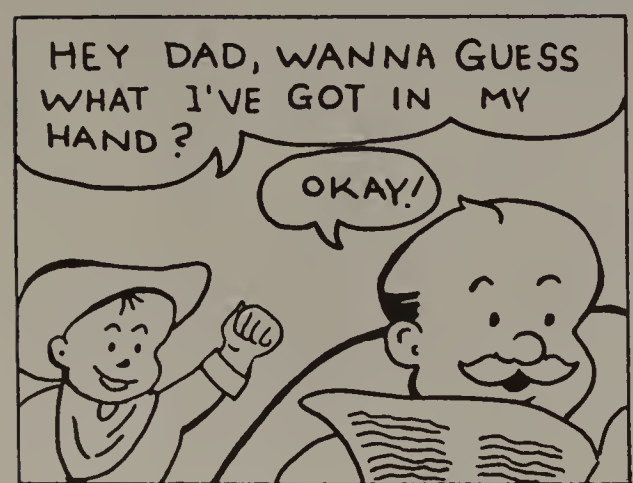
Timothy J. Murphy '87

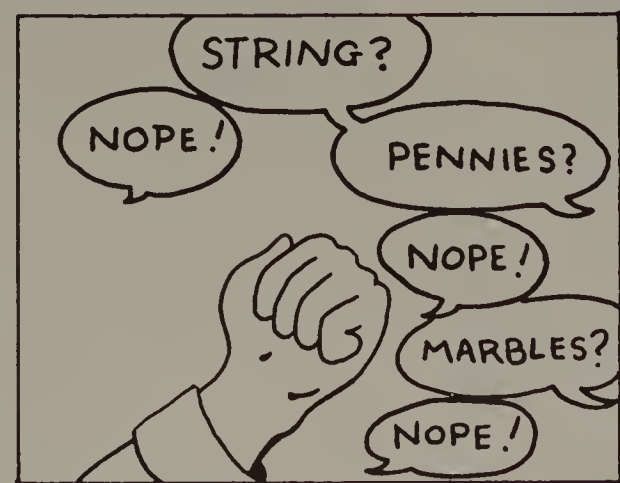
3.

DEAD JOE and his GANG

by Michael Draine

©1988

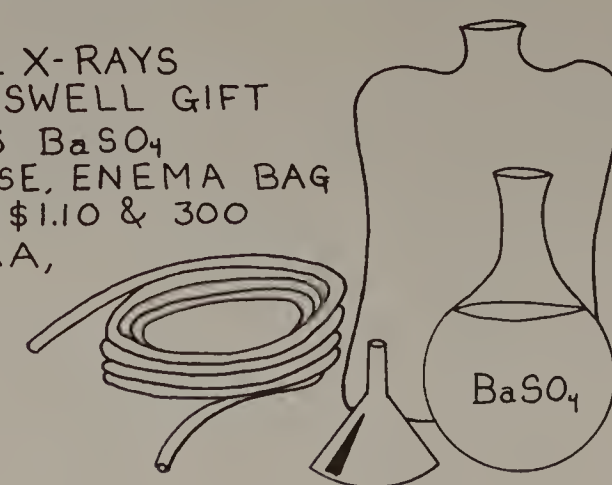




FORTUNE: YOU WILL DIE FROM AN INTENTIONAL OVERDOSE.

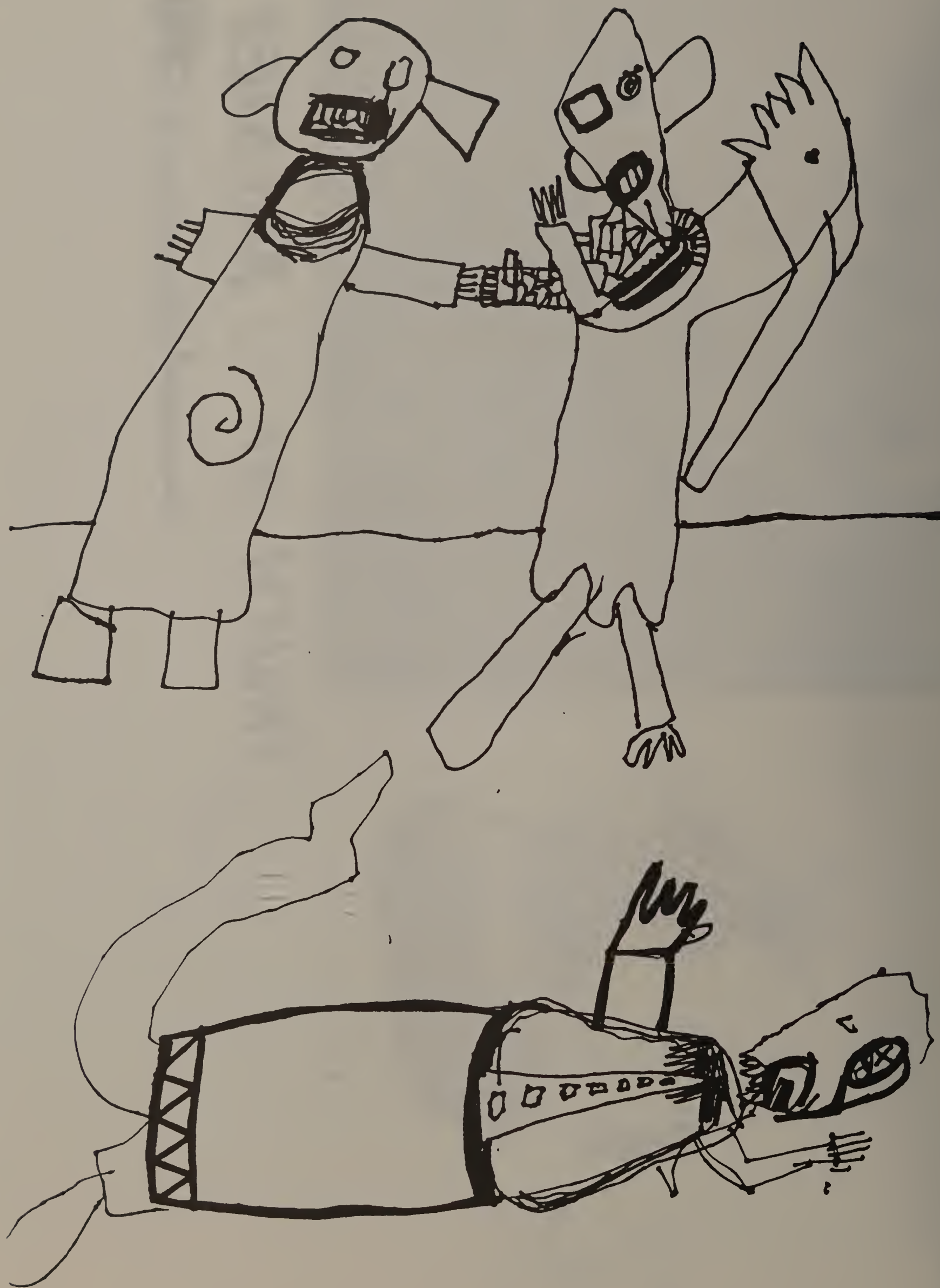
#127 BARIUM ENEMA KIT

PERFORM INTESTINAL X-RAYS ON YOUR FRIENDS. SWELL GIFT FOR GALS. INCLUDES $BaSO_4$ SOLUTION, RUBBER HOSE, ENEMA BAG AND FUNNEL. SEND $1.10 & 300 COMICS TO: BAZOOKA, BOX 7860, WESTBURY, NY. 11592. GIVE ZIP. PRINT CLEARLY.



☐ TRUTH or ☐ FALSIES

Marcel Duchamp



Joe Shepard

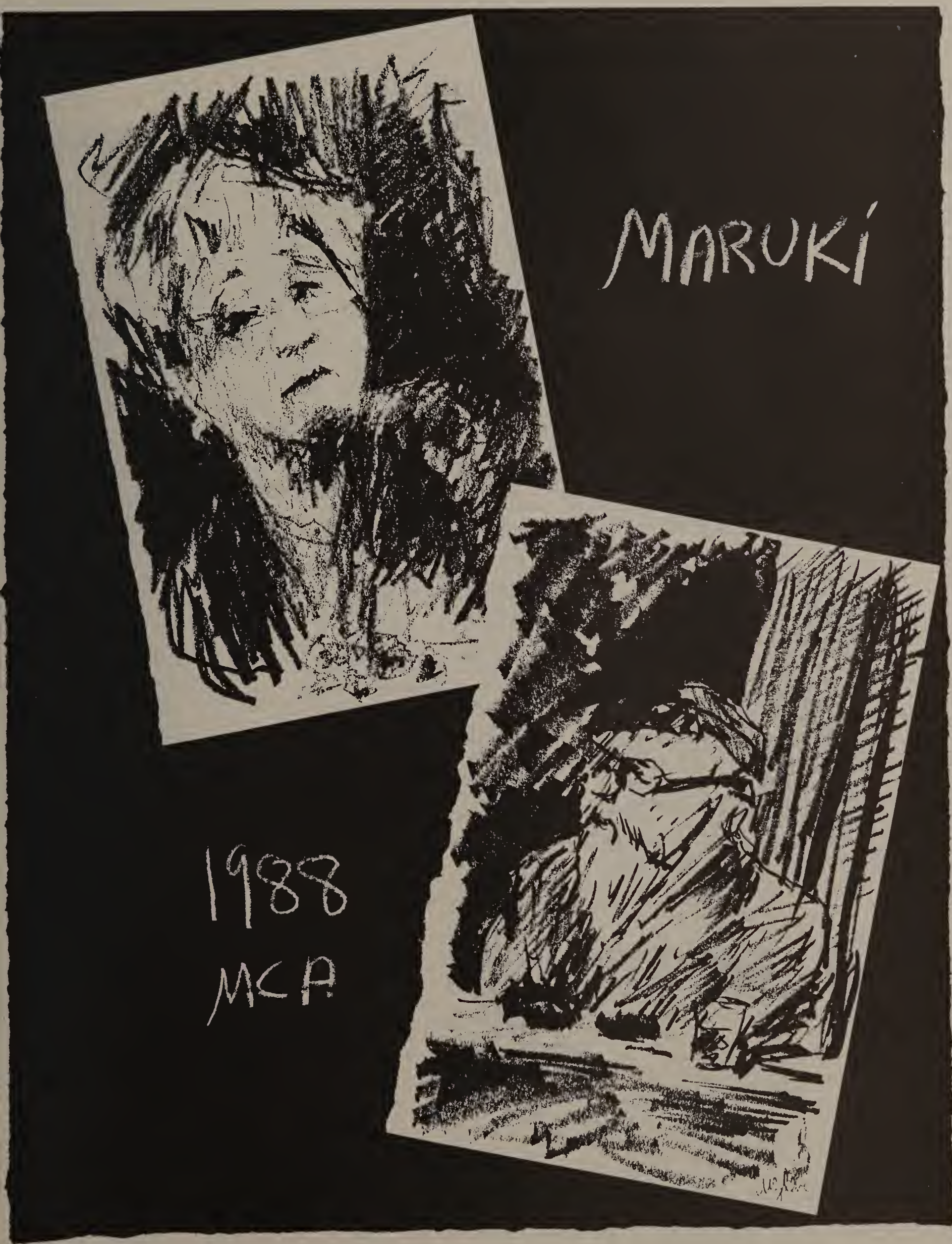
POEMS
by

Wafic Khalil

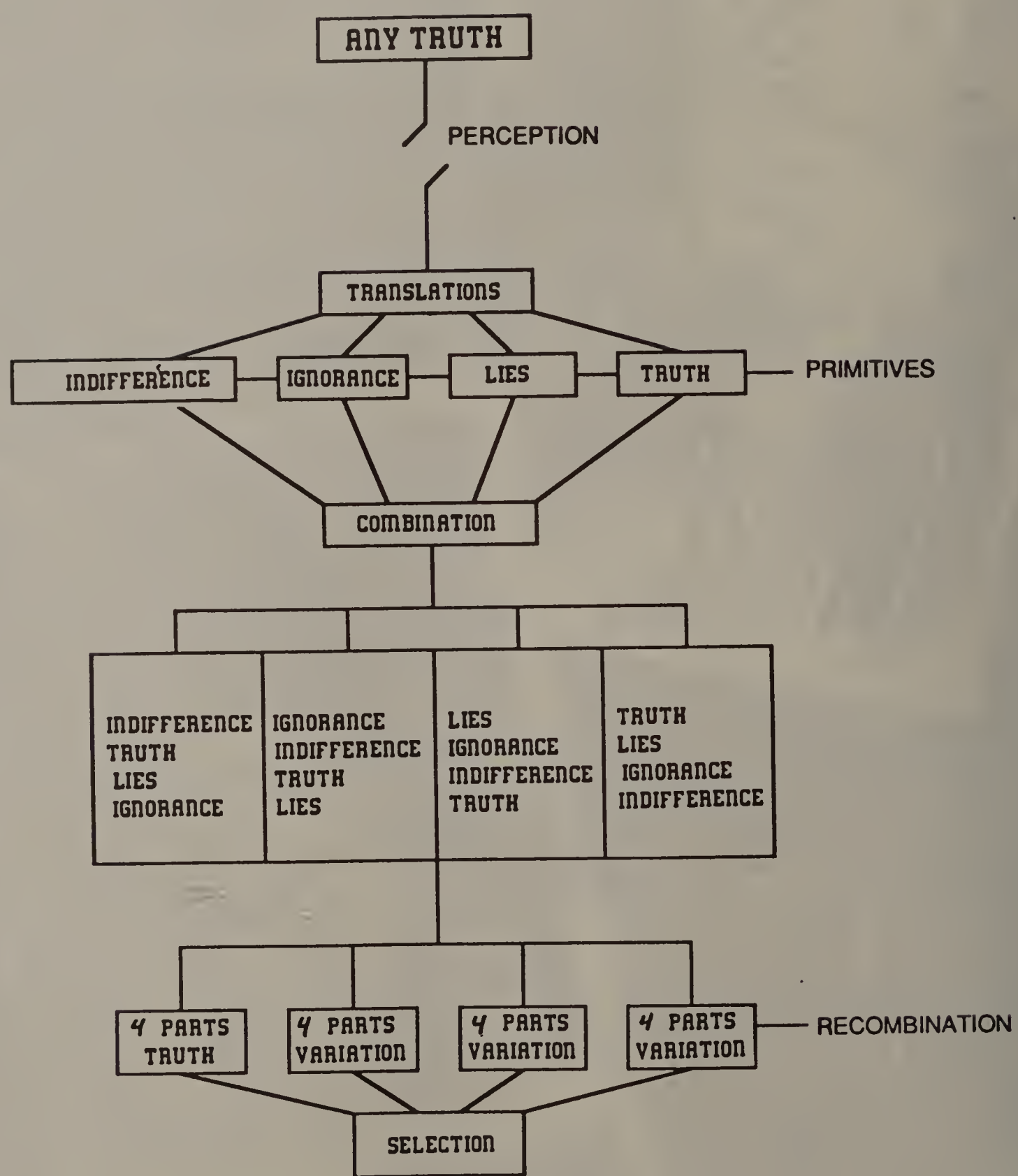
Why are we here?
Who was here
Ten, twenty, thirty thousand years ago?
Many have passed this place
And many would pass it in the future
Like us, like the many before
They'll be gone
And new people would come and ask
about the ones who passed before
And the new would say to the old.
This world is not in hand
We're a pile of sand:
Sand on the ground
Sand is gone
And sand still walking.....

I'm restless, ruthless
When it comes to you
I'm weak, in fear
When I meet you
I'm afraid of losing you
I'm afraid I'll do something foolish

THen I'll lose you forever
I'm jealous, full of jealousy
I hate your friends
I want you to be mine
Mine, till the end of time!

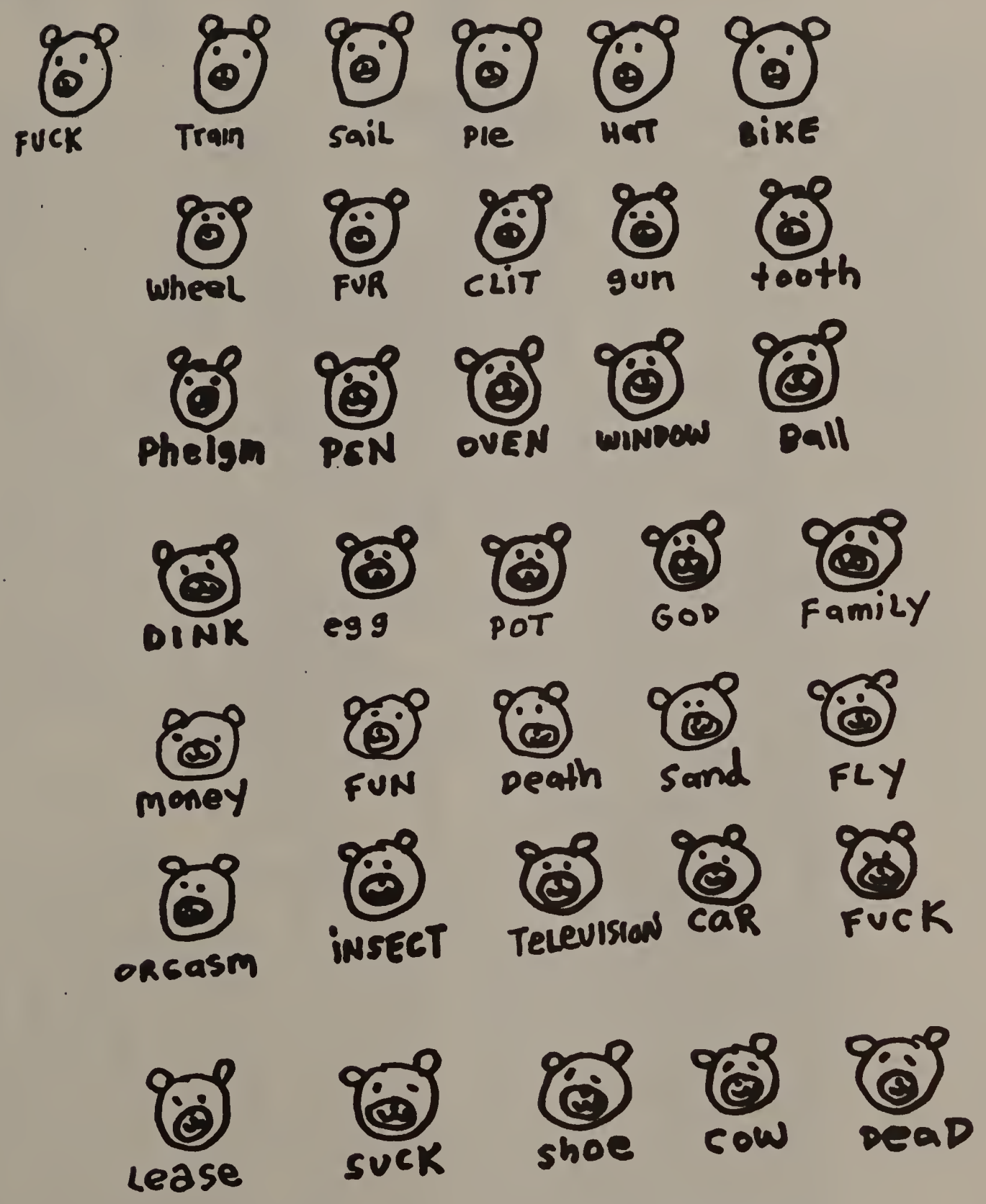

MARUKI
1988
MCA

PROBABILITY OF TRUTH



FROM AGES PAST

3.



—REG,

To: Sisters Everywhere a story called Clown

By: Your Sister forever, Nora Cannon

This kitten was the runt of the litter and Nancy immediately became very fond of him, and because of his poke-a-dot fur named him Clown. She made a bed for the new family out of a cardboard box that was filled with old blankets and sheets carefully tucked and arranged. This bed was then placed at the side of her bed and checked on several times a day. Fresh food and water was always replenished with tender loving care.

As the kittens grew older, Nancy would take them into the grassy back yard and play string games for hours. Figaro was relieved to have them taken over for the time for she trusted Nancy implicitly. The kittens sharp little paws would scratch at her as they tried to grab the string, but she never complained. The larger kittens would try to manipulate the game but Nancy would always make sure little Clown would always have his fare share and turn.

At night as we laid in our beds, we would be awoken by arguments coming from our parents room. A door slammed and we knew without saying a word that Dad would not be back that night and maybe not for days. Nancy would climb out of her bed and gently remove Clown from his mothers side and place him very close to her chest so he could hear her heart beat. She would stroke Clown back to sleep trying to hold back her tears.

The kittens were all over the house and always under foot. We had a busy household of four active children, two working parents and an old grandmother. Sometimes you would hear a small shrill because someone stepped on a paw by mistake.

One morning as Dad was backing the car out of the drive way on his way to work, be bumped a small kitten on the head. We found him that afternoon under the bushes with a small curl of blood coming out of his mouth. We both knew what had to be done. I would dig a small hole under the big oak tree and Nancy would make a small cross out of some old popscile sticks. Wrapped in yesterdays newspaper the kitten was buried with a quick made-up prayer.

"We can't afford to keep all of these kittens" were the dreaded words we heard our mother say as the kittens turned six weeks old. Reluctantly we put out the word in our small farm community which was already over flowing with cats and dogs.

Several of the kittens were distributed to people that worked at the local A&P grocery store and we put up a sign at the Five and Ten to which everyone in town came to once a week for something or the other. FREE KITTENS! was written in bold bark crayon with our name, address and several hand colored illustrations.

Mom was putting in extra hours at the factory and Dad had been gone for days. I was alone in the house with grandma, as she was taking her afternoon nap. Putting together that nights supper I noticed that dark clouds were rolling in over the fields. Nancy was playing dolls at a friends house, and I was hoping she would be home before it started to rain.

Peering out the kitchen window once more to check out the weather I noticed a large white station wagon coming up the drive. Moments later a family was knocking at the door asking to see the kittens. I asked them to wait in the front hallway as I ran to collect the kittens. The parents explained that it was their daughter's birthday and the kitten was going to be one of her presents. As the little girl played with them her mother was proud to tell me about the new house they just moved into, in the new subdivision behind the shopping center. I tried to smile as I noticed the little girl playing with Clown. Clown had won her heart also, and was choosen as the promised birthday gift. Before I knew what was happening, they were in their car and down the driveway in a cloud of dust.

Everyone was home in time for supper that night, I could hardly swallow my pork chops and felt sick to my stomach. How could you let them take Clown away, my little Clown...kept ringing over and over again in my head. Nancy did not notice that he was missing yet and I was dreading more and more having to tell her the news.

"Hey, Nancy do you want my dessert?" "No, thanks",as she pushed herself away from the table, "I want to go upstairs and play with Clown". Nancy was on all fours looking under the bed when I walked into the room. "Here kitty, kitty, come on Clown where are you?" she was calling.

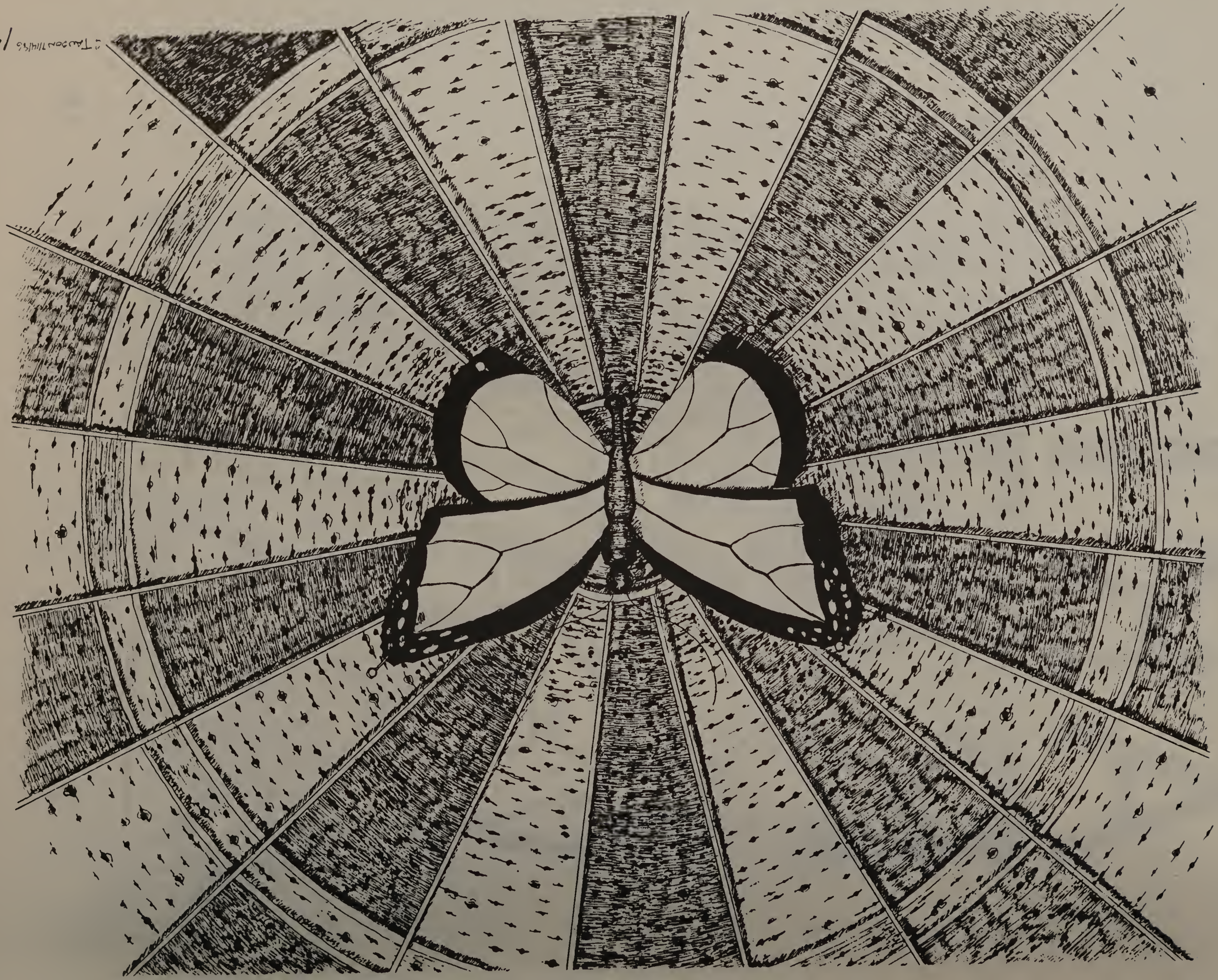
"Nancy" I started, "today when you were out a family came for a kitten, and they picked out Clown." I hardily finished before she was sobbing hitting my chest, "No not my Clown, how did you let them take away my Clown." I was numb all over those were the very words that were ringing in my head. I did not even hear what she was saying, I found myself running down the stairs calling back as I ran, "I"ll get him back, I'll go get him for you."

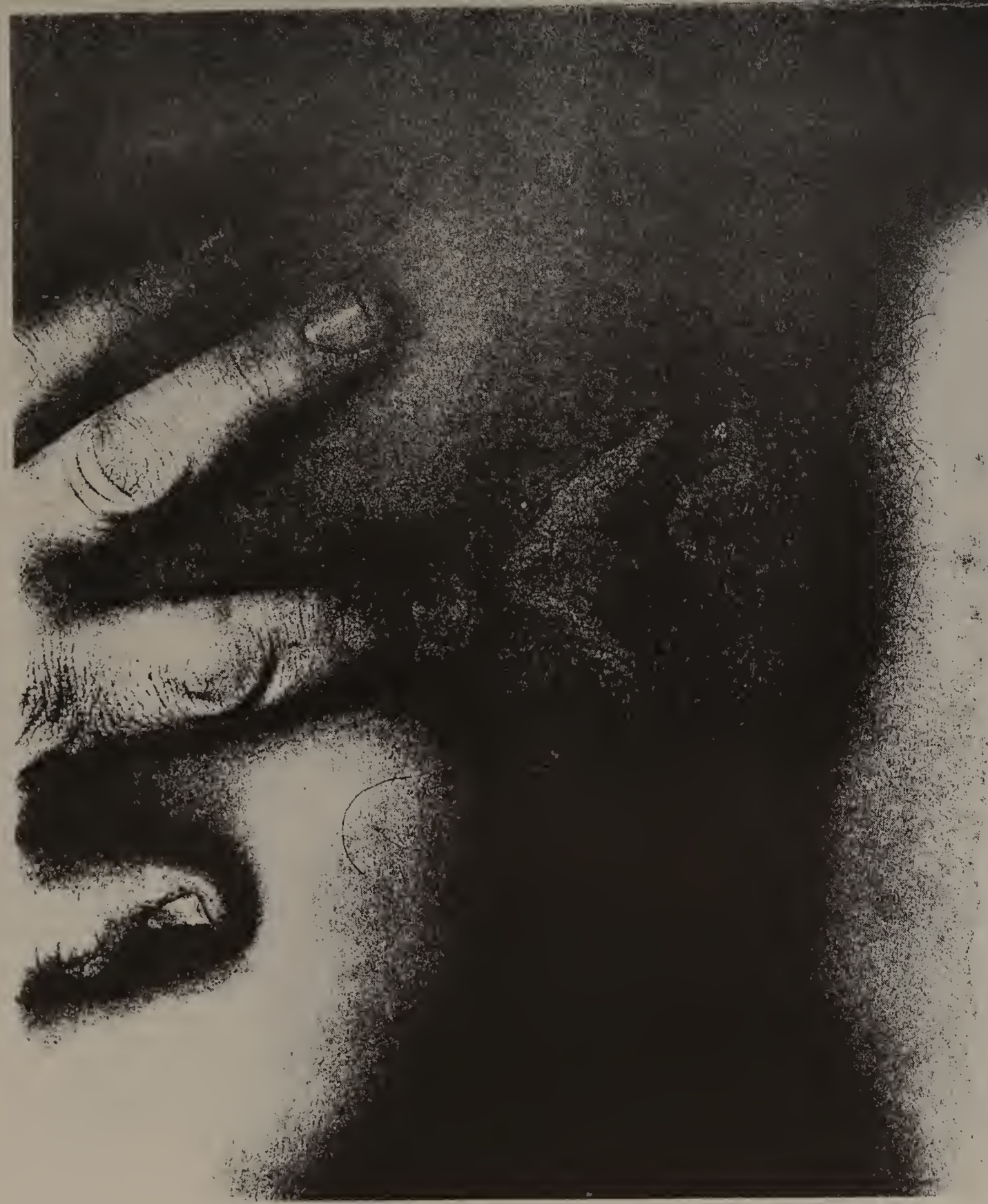
The front screen door slammed as I ran out of the house. My legs were running so fast I don't remember them hitting the ground. Crying as I ran, I thought how could I let my little sister down, Nancy I love you, don't worry I will find Clown and bring him back safe and sound.

There was a cloud burst as I ran through the muddy yards of the new subdivision where the grass was just planted. After searching through several streets, I spotted the white station wagon. I pounded on the front door and the woman answered. Standing in the pouring rain I explained my story. The woman stood there not saying a word, with a look of total bewilderment on her face. As I talked the little girl who was holding Clown came closer to stand behind her mother and also listen. When she was in range I quickly grabbed Clown and turned and ran. Before the Mother could react, I was off stuffing him down my shirt to keep him dry.

Nancy met me as I came up the drive way, in the pouring rain we stood hugging and kissing, trying not to squish Clown who was meowing between us.

ART
RAT





How long does it take for hair
to grow out?

What language will we speak
after the war?

What is the meaning of personal
identity?
What is the meaning of national
identity?

Why are the people I wait on
stupid on Mondays?
How much do you want to
know?
How quiet will I have to get to
hear my life approaching?

Who is responsible?
Where is the rest of my
awareness right now?
Where is the rest of your
attention?

How long after a finger enters a
fire is it instructed to pull
away?

How aware must public be
before public makes changes
toward empowerment?

Is time plastic?
How much time do we make?
How much time do we have?
Are there answers?

Do you believe me?

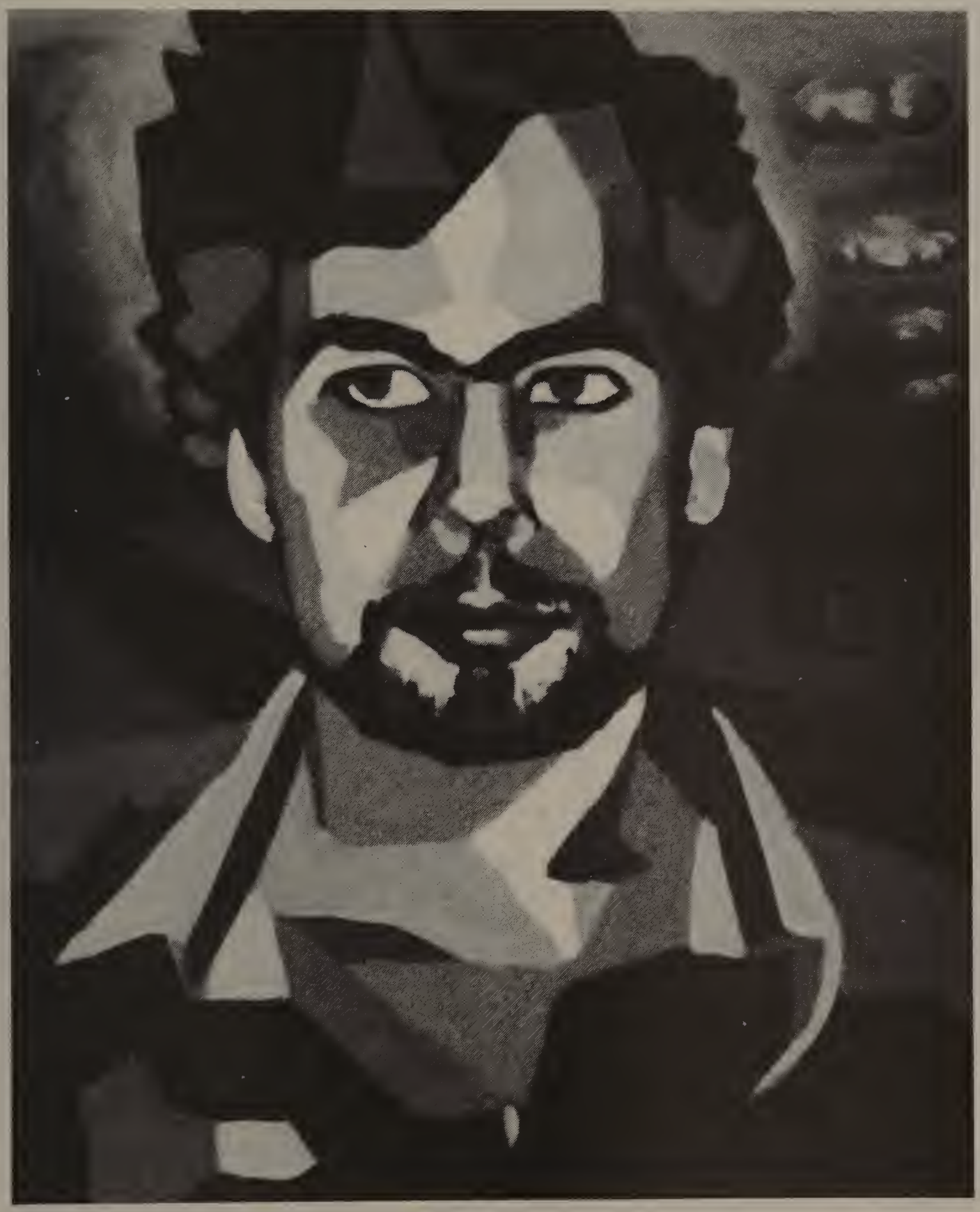
Will you desire the rest of your
life?

Do you want the rest of mine?

Katie Redmond

16.

17.

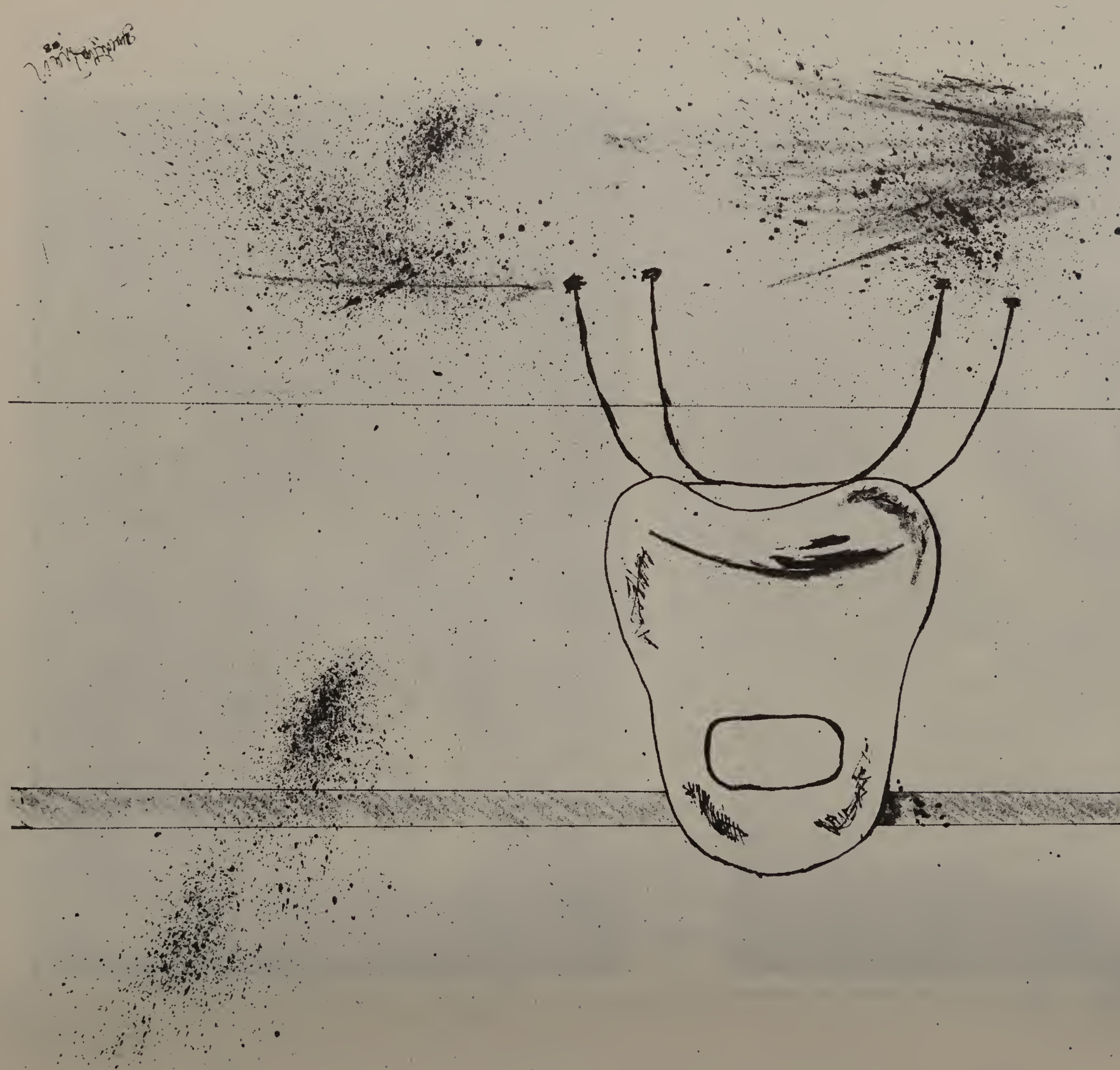


MISOGYNY DEPT. 778 1010
MR PEGKTEF THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR
BAWW
WOO HOO HOOO! SHE WAS SO YOUNG AND SO PRETTY!
BOOHOO!
YEH I FEEL BAD, BUT WHUT KIN YA DO?
SLAMM!!
NOW TO GET ME MITTS ON THAT COLD WHITE MEAT! AND VIOLATE HER SPONGEY MAIDEN HOOD!! HEE HEE
HELLO MY NAKED LITTLE MEATBAG! CAN YOU COME OUT AND PLAY MY RIGID LOVE MUFFIN? HEE HEE HEE
SLIVER DROOL
SHALL WE DANCE WORMPIE? HHAHA SHALL I VIOLATE YOUR SWEET SUZY Q WITH MY VEINY IGUANA? HEE HEE HEE
GLOB
SHALL I FORCE MY BLOOD BARREL INTO YOUR WRINKLY RED GLAD BAG? HA HA HA HOW CHARMING!
FILCH FRIG
NOW I'LL CARVE OUT HER DRIED UP TASTY CAKE TO LUBRICATE HER VILE SNATCH WITH CLOTTED BLOOD!!
PHAAT!
SKLISH
MMM... SMELLS LIKE... CHEESE DIP!!
CLORNCH
GLITCH
PLATENT
SKLISH

HURNG TAKE IT YOU SICKENING WORMBAG I SHOOT MY LOVESEED INTO YOUR BLOOD CAKED SLUDGEPOT!!
WAT!?? YOU DONT LOVE ME?! COLD BITCH!!! WORM EATEN WHORE! WAY I'LL...
PLOONSH BLATCH BLOP
HEEHEE! TAKE THAT, YOU COLD BAG OF VEINY FLAB!!
NOW I RAM MY BLOOD-COVERED FUCK ROD UP YOUR-UNH!-THROAT! HUNH
SPLUURT
SPATCH
PLORCH
DEEPTHROAT-HEADFUCK! GURNG-GRUNT
PLUT SPLUT PLAD SPLOOP
HURRNG!
PLAATT!
GOD, I LOVE THIS JOB!
BLAAAG! BLOPPL PLORCH
END
MATT 'PEA-BRAINED LOTHARIO' TROTTER

AP T. Davenport 3/88

AP T. Davenport 2/88



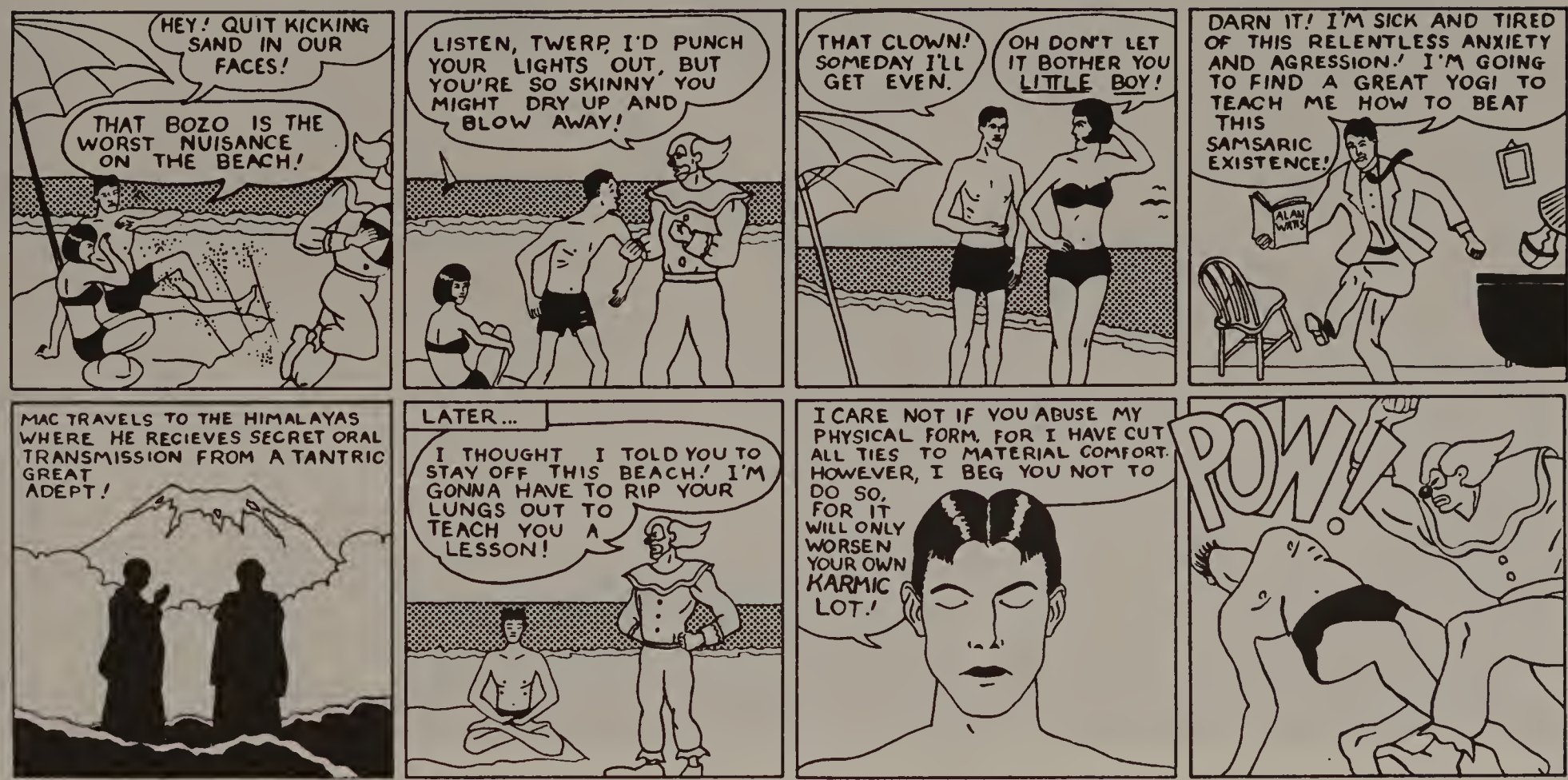
24.

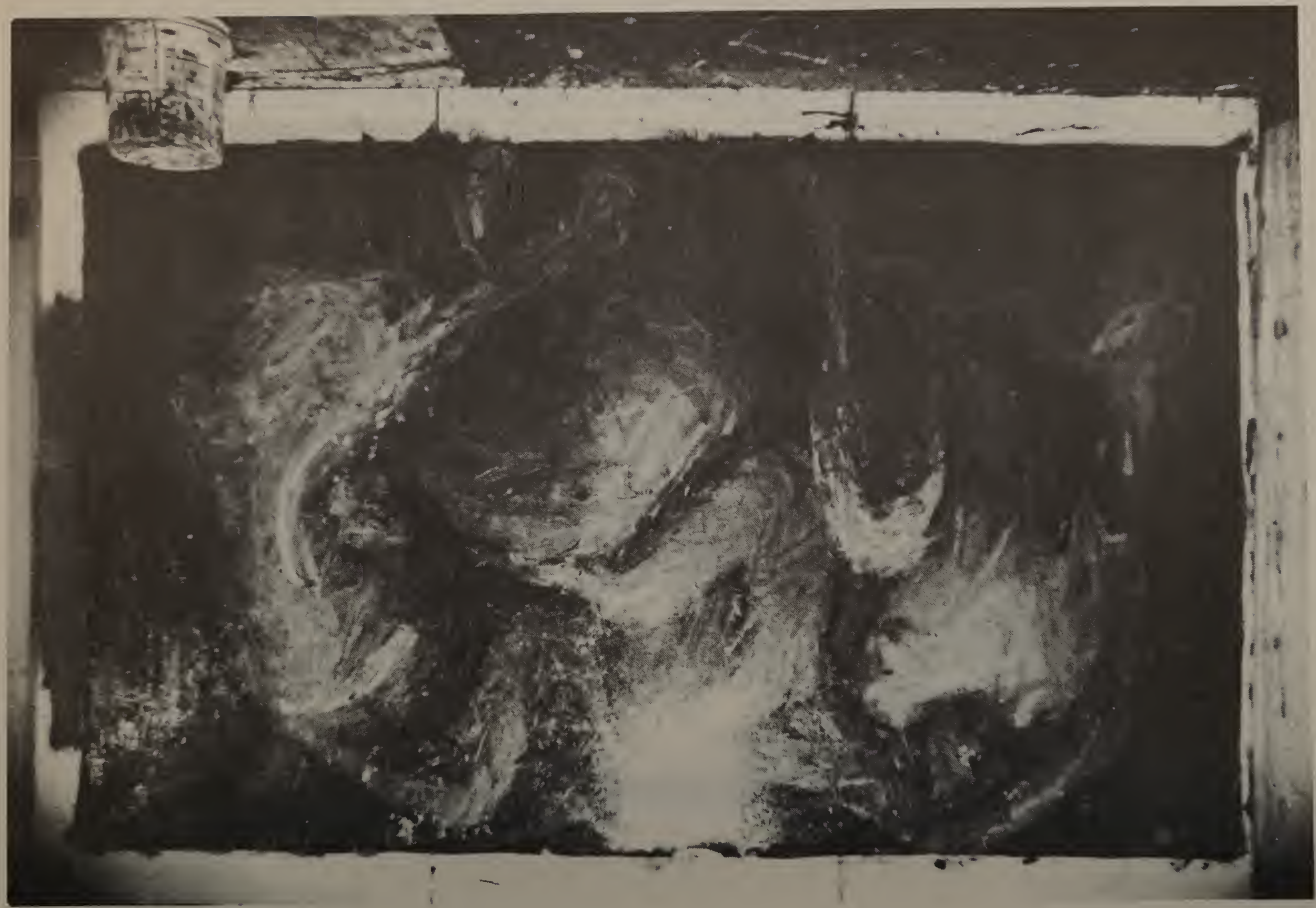
"Madonna with the Long Pants" 1/3 Laura Mancuso 1/88

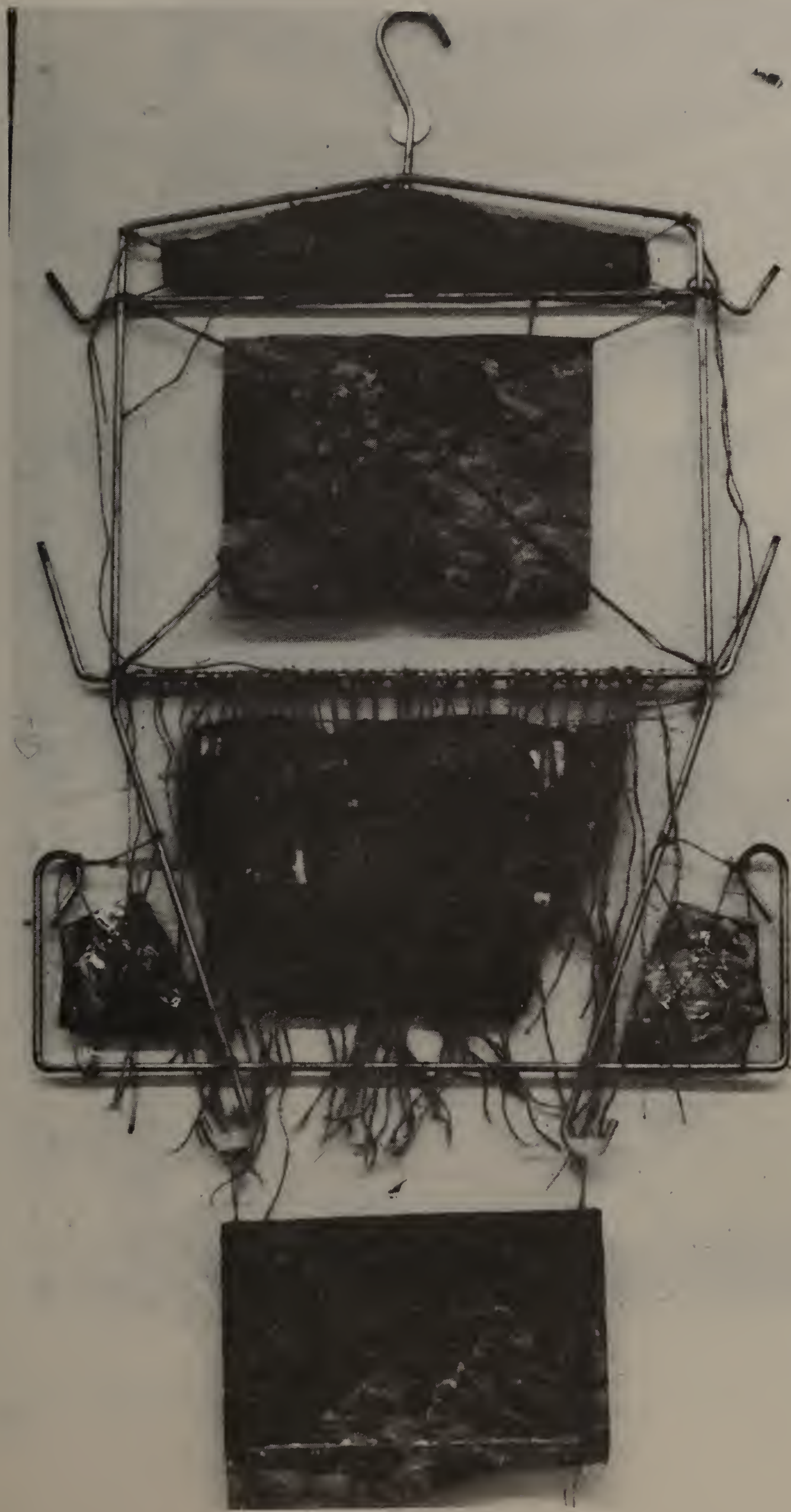
THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"

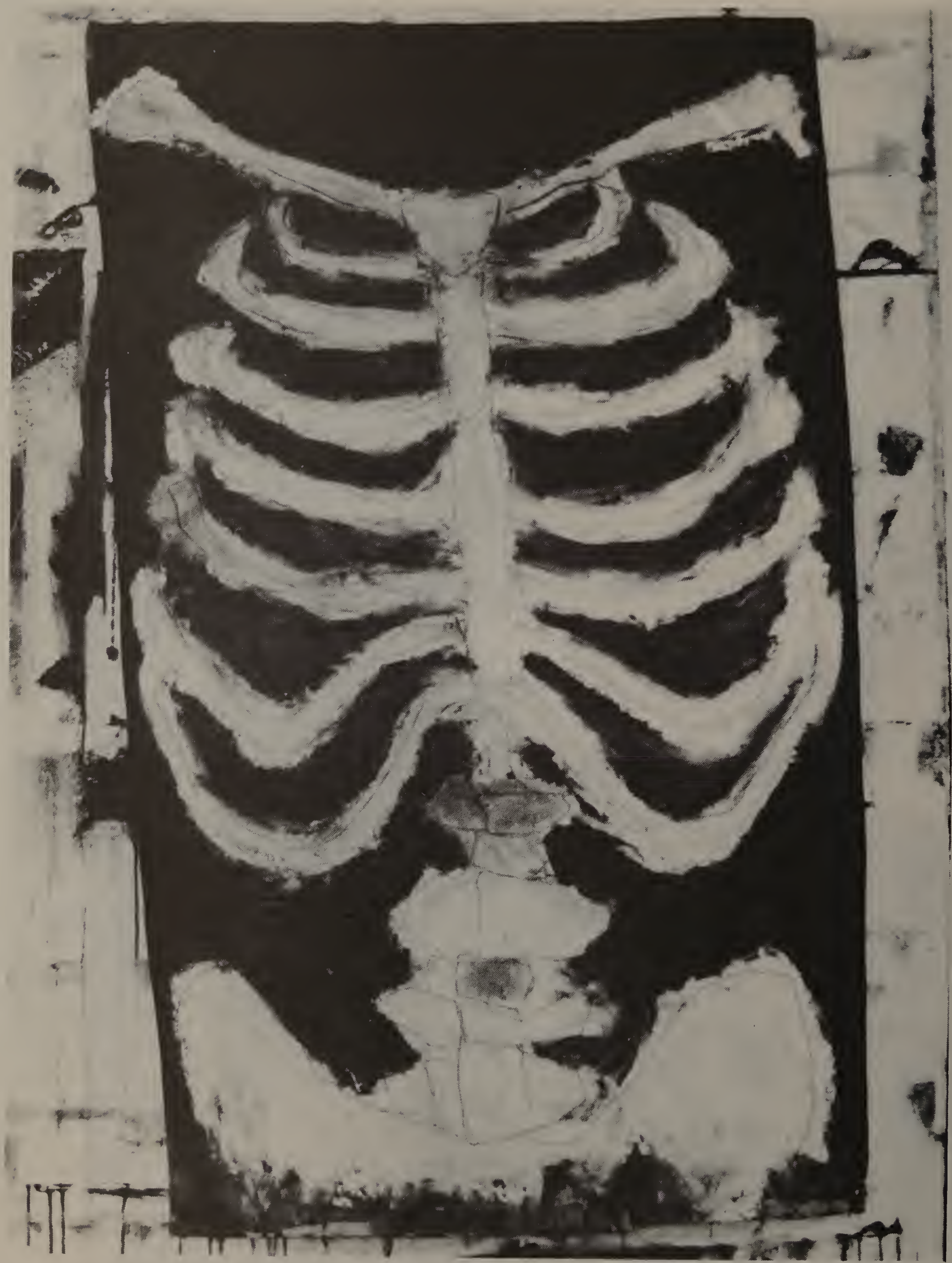
Guest Starring BOZO the Clown

by Michael Draine ©1988









Childhood trauma #456

My father goaded me into playing little league when I was a little boy. I'd just as soon have stayed home after school reading comic books and drawing pictures, but he had big plans for me.

When I went down to tryouts the first day, I didn't know one thing about the game of baseball. Whenever my father had tried to teach me the rudiments of the game I always daydreamed and pretended to listen. Why not? After all, it seemed so important to him, why not humour him. When your'e a kid you think that way.

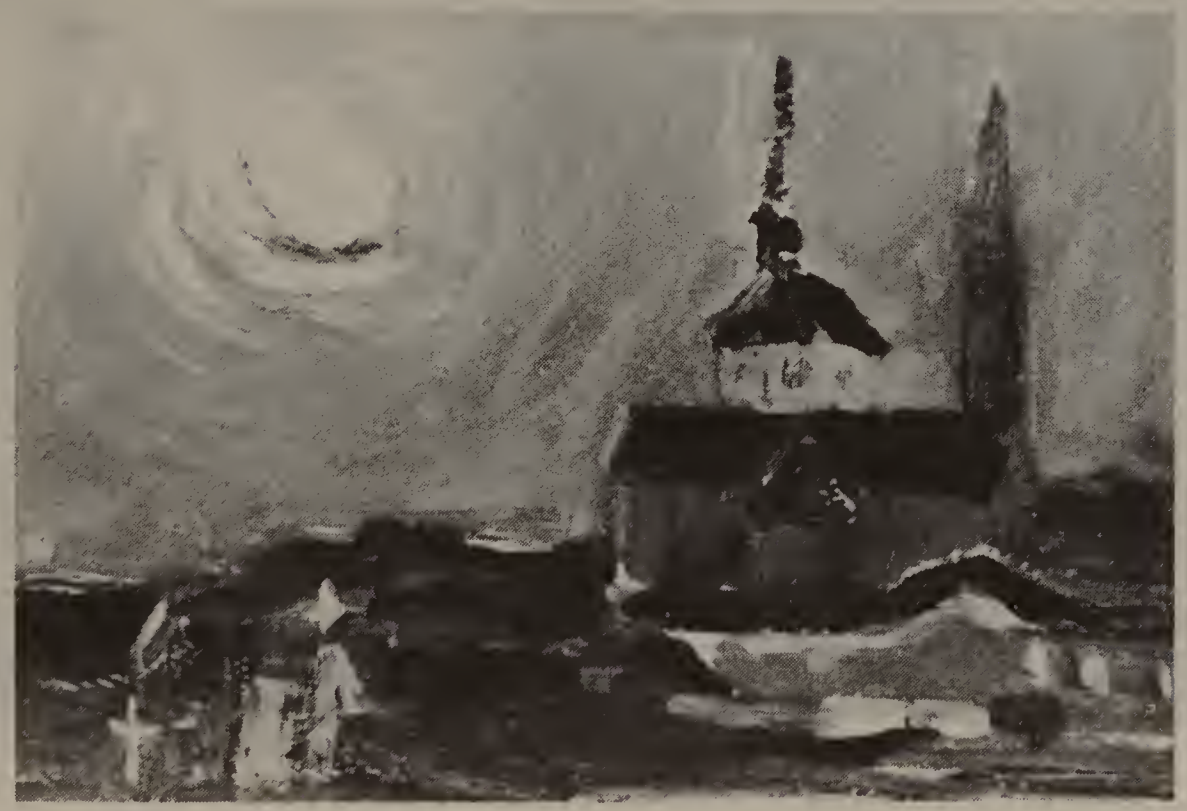
So there I was, waiting in line for my turn at trying out in front of all kinds of people I didn't know to play a game I really disliked. As I waited there in abject childhood terror at what I had to do, I was told by a large, white-haired man wearing a baseball jacket to play shortstop. Well, that was it, naturally I froze unable to breath for a few seconds before the man barked at me in a gruff voice to..." GET THE HELL OUT THERE !" He sure looked like an imposing figure with his stature and the way he had the word "Irish" sewed on his jacket, especially to a nine year-old fat boy with tortise-shell glasses.

So I ran out onto the field and asked some kind face where shortstop was. The voice answered between 1st and 3rd. Thinking the person meant 2nd base, I stood midway between first and second base timidly waiting for the ball to be hit towards me, unbearably anxious that I was somehow going to fuck up and embaress my father. Dimly I became aware of voices yelling at me to move out of the way, and I walked over to the kid playing second base, bewildered. He pushed me aside, saying that was his position. I began to feel extremely foolish out there in the middle of the field, walking around disrupting the tryouts. Meanwhile, one of the numerous coaches attending ordered someone out to replace me. When I finally realized this, I just stayed where I was. Too mortified to leave the field in shame, I allowed myself to believe with the wonderful innocence of childhood, that it wouldn't be at all a problem to change the natural order of things so one extra guy could play.

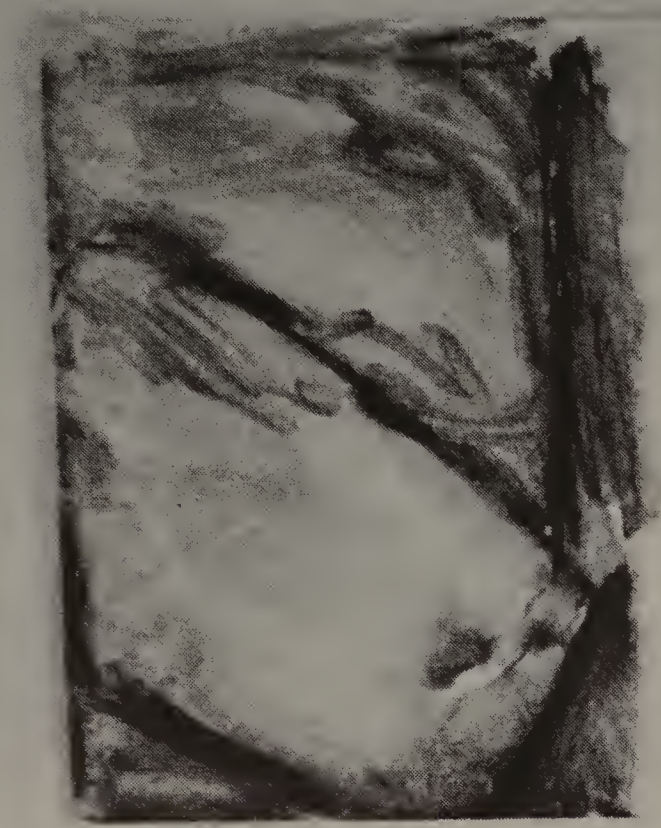
I stayed out on the field as the players all laughed at jokes I couldn't hear and not once was the ball hit to me. Well, at least that was no big deal, I didn't want to have to miss anything hit towards me and I did avoid that. I stayed.I Played the vaudville clown out there for my audience of peers, most of whom would antagonize me in school the whole week. After a long while, I jogged off the field to a standing ovation in my head, my long red floods(the only pair of pants that fit me)chafing together as I hauled my massive bulk off the feild. Then, waiting in line with the other little demons, listening to thier laughter and derision as I waited to go up at bat.

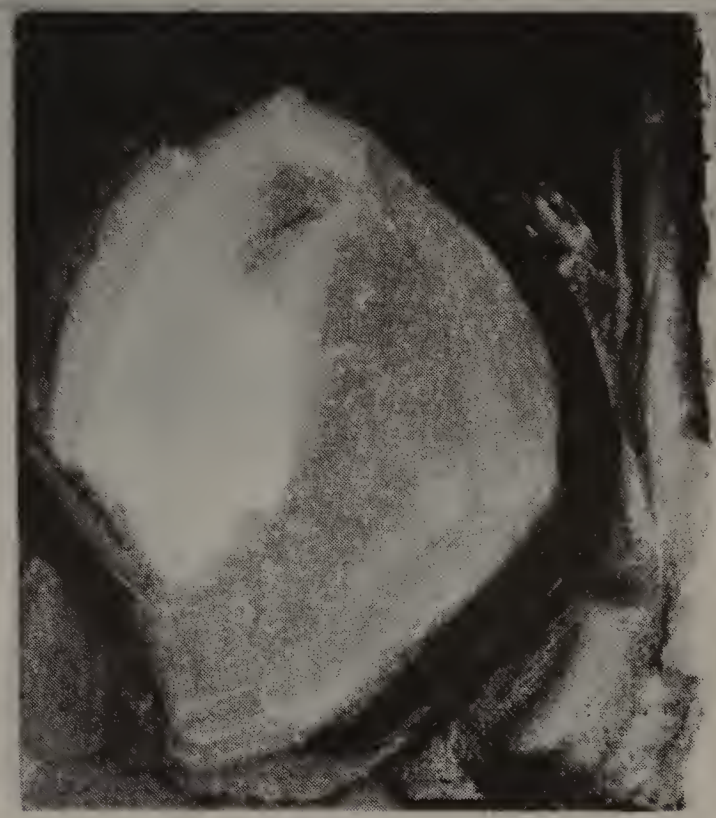
I looked around for my father amongst the crowd for the reassuring ego stroking I so desperately needed to retain my identity. I felt foolish,out of place, idiotic, and needed my father to lie to me and say how great I did before he went on about more practice,etc...

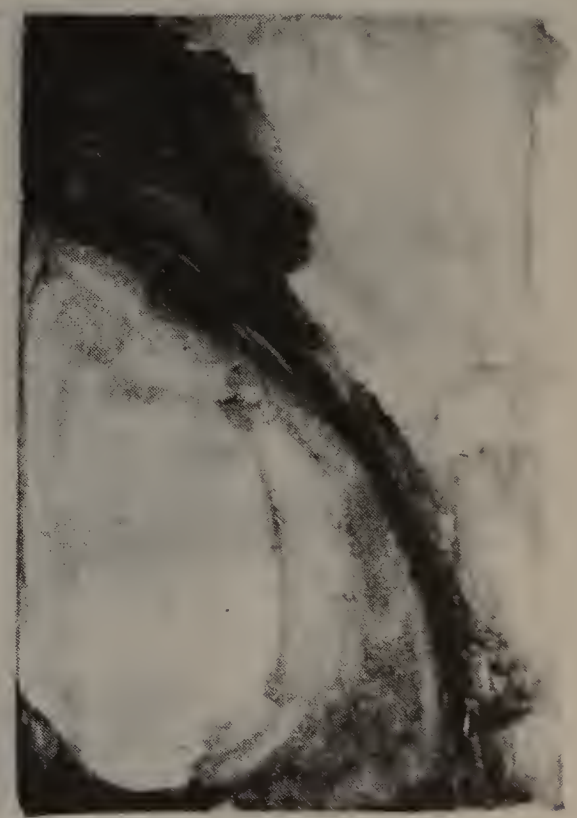
After searching around for my father for another few minutes during which the abuse mellowed to a low hum, slowly the realization crashed down upon me, crumbling the remaining ruins of the day,he was nowhere to be found. He had retreated to the snack bar, and then his jeep...



35.

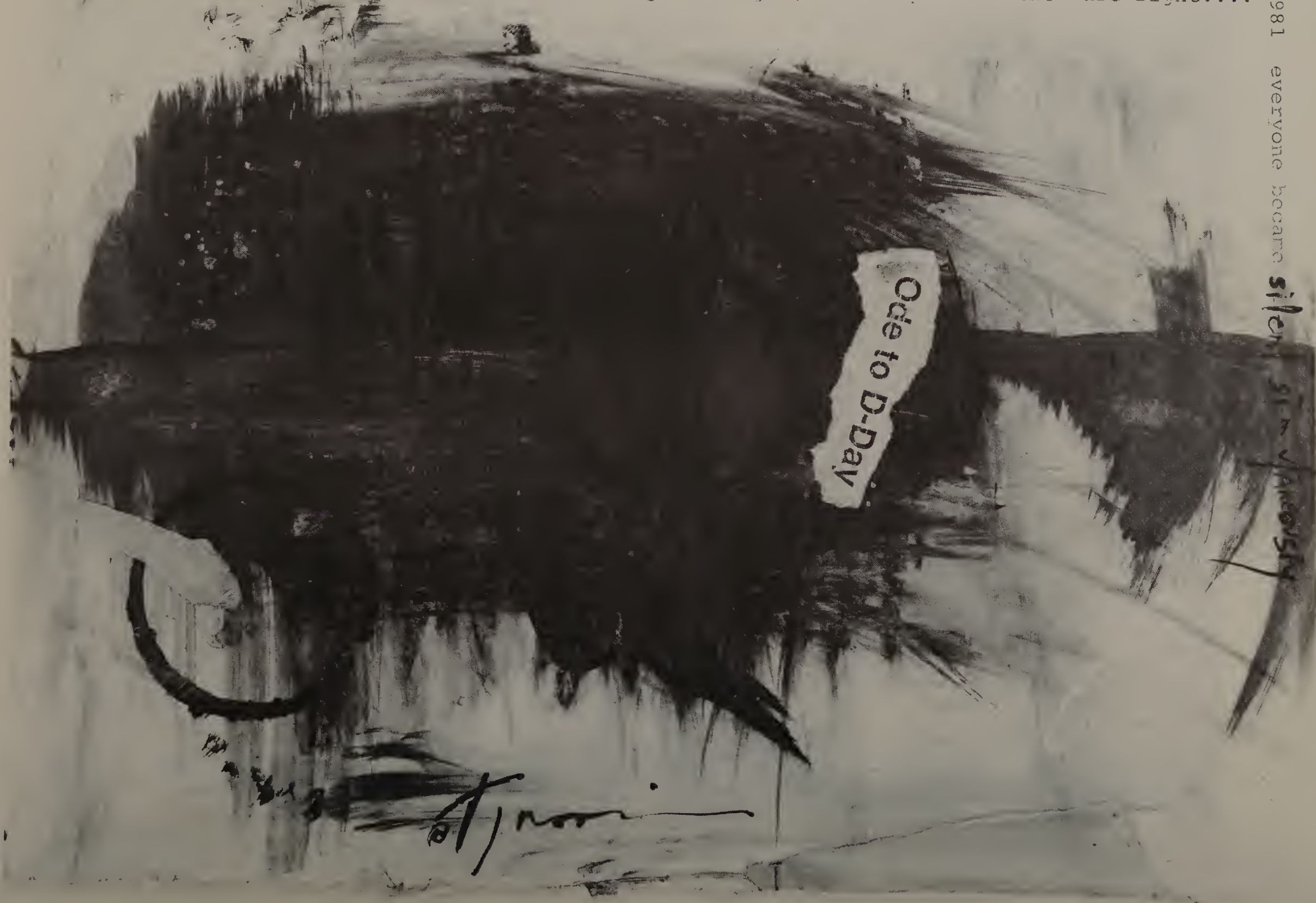


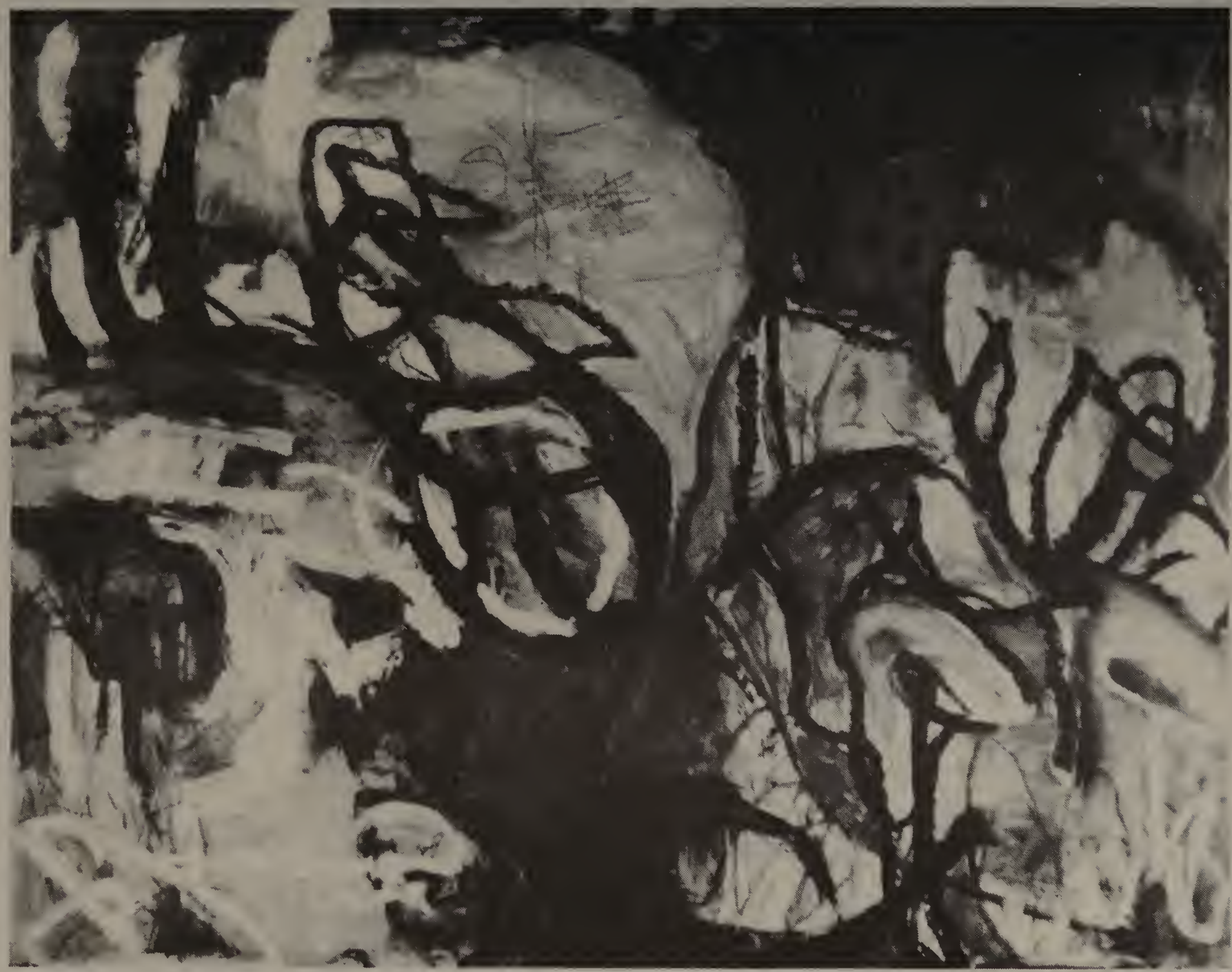




in 1981 we suffer still, and people continue to vanish. thousands of dead friends
all the ignorant are still chiming
and they think they are right, and they think they are right....

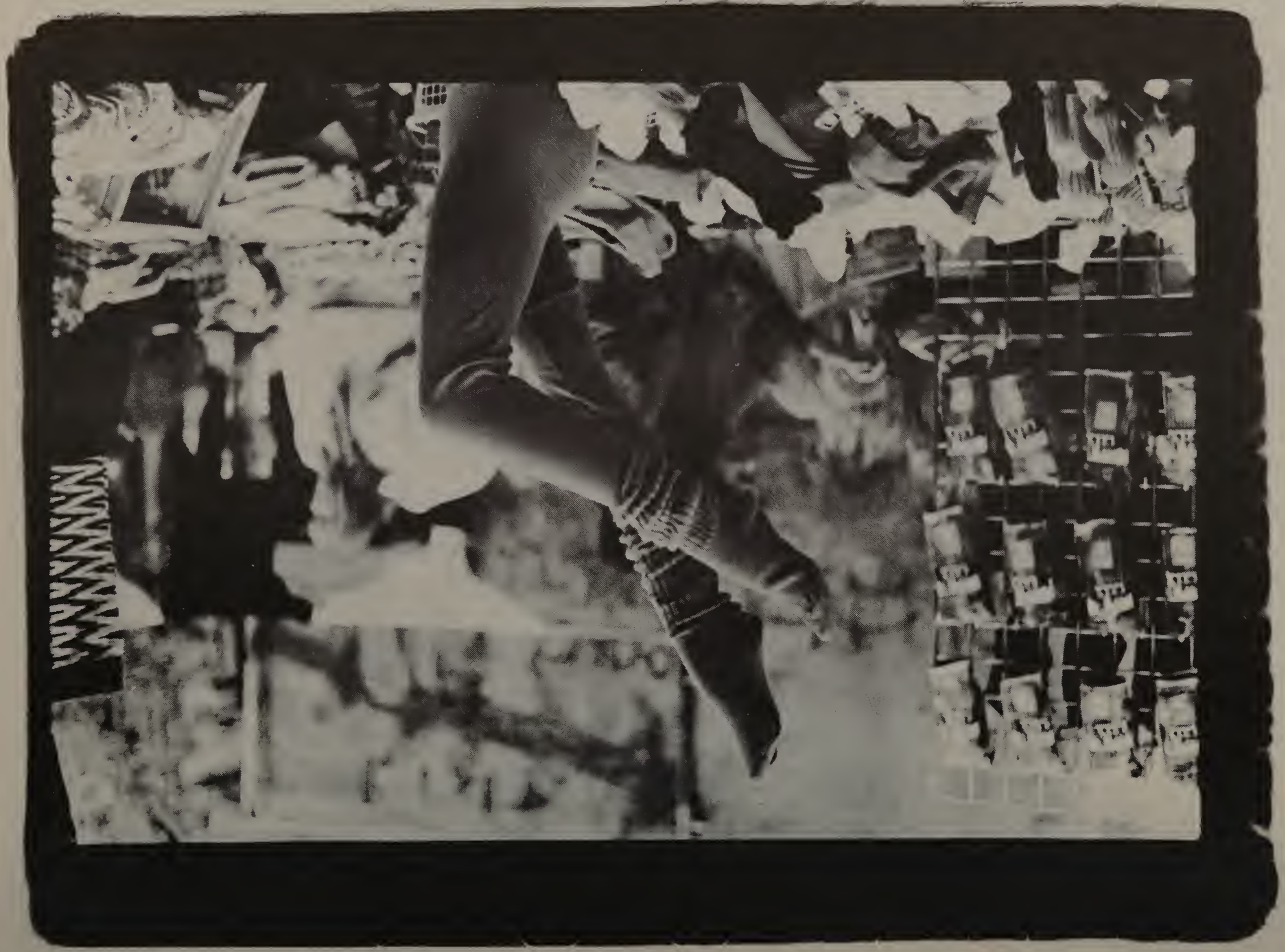
in 1981 everyone became silent





Holy Scripture

"Solo"

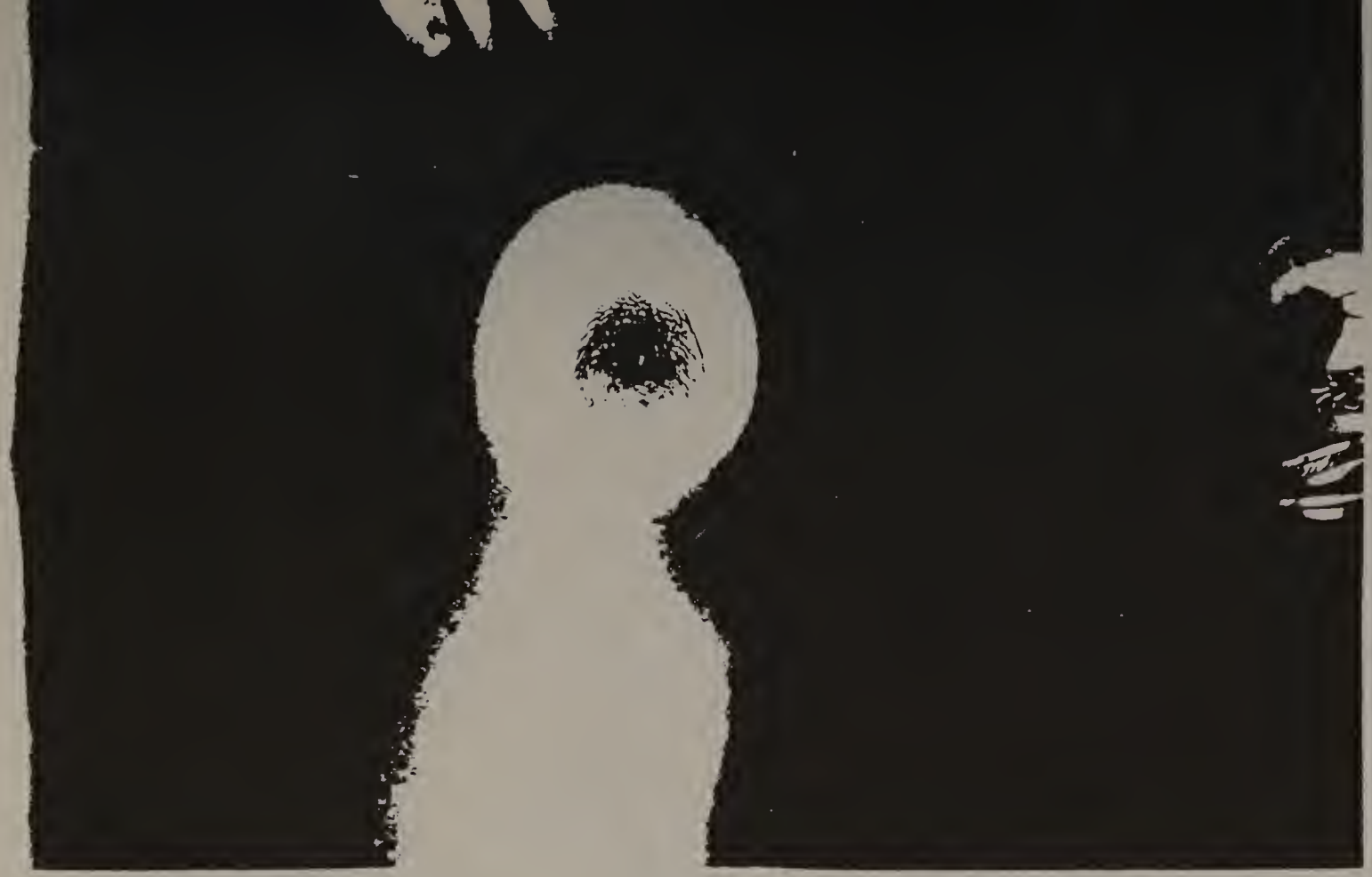


Joe Shepard

JUMP ——..

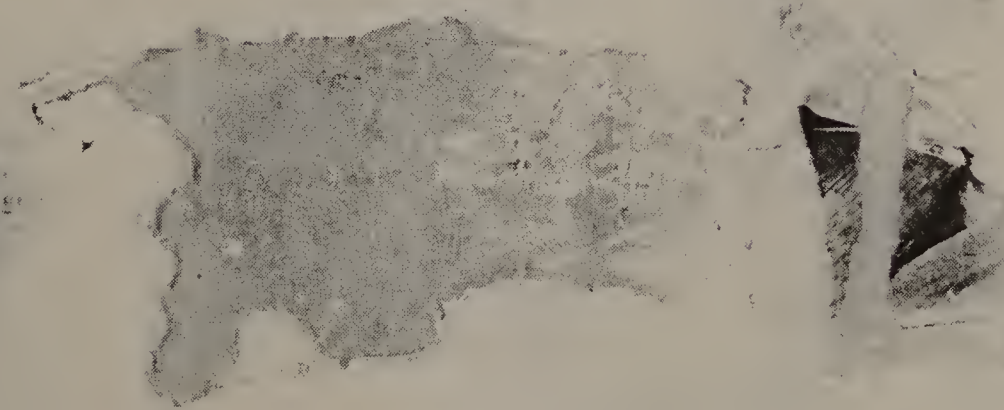
.—M CASEY 88

52.



☐ TRUTH or ☐ FALSIES

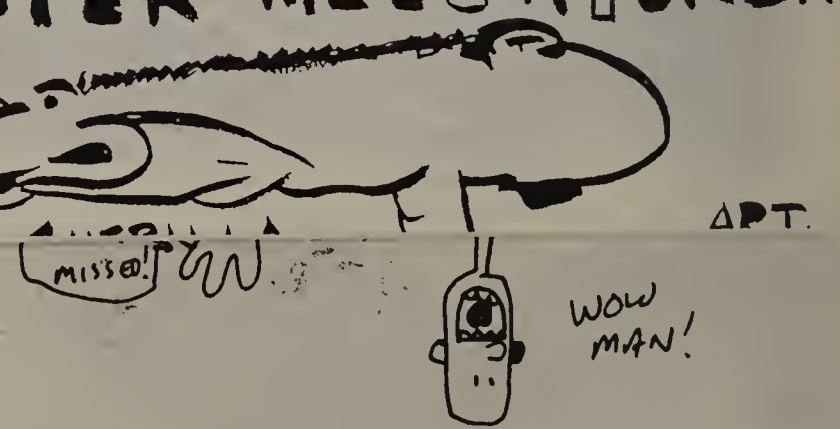
éros c'est la vie
Rrose Selavy



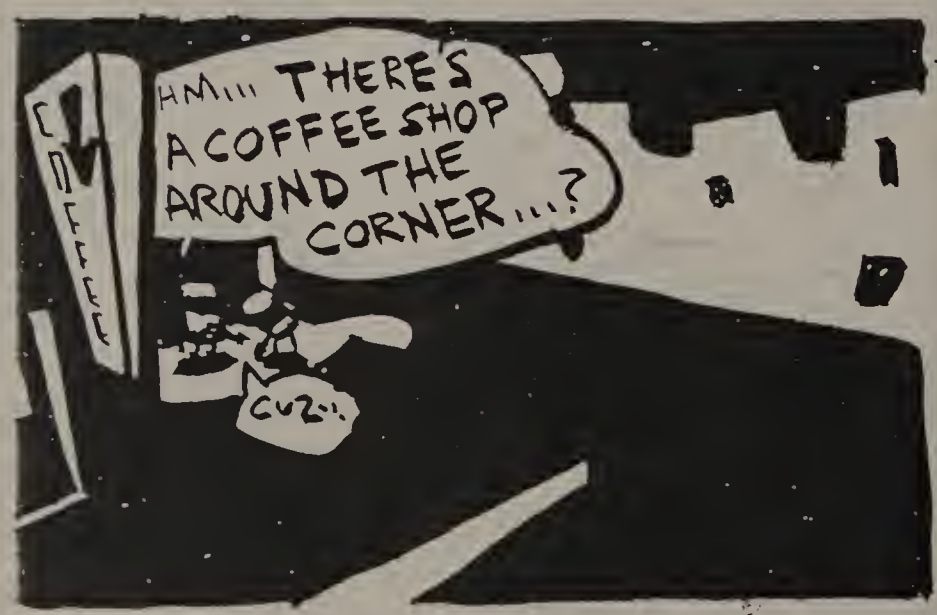
BASTARDLY MASH COMIX

BY

SCOOTER MELCHIONDA



HEY THERE, BILL! WHAT DO YOU SAY!
IB..


3
HM... THERE'S A COFFEE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER...?
COFFEE
CUZ..

©1700 GUERILLA
2.
WHOA! HITTIN' THE SAUCE PAL?
UB

4
RIGHT THIS WAY, MONSUIR HEH---.
MERCI.

1.
SO HOWS THE WIFE?
IN CANCUN, FUCKING SOME PRODUCER

2.
NICE PLACE, CANCUN.
PFAH. TOO HOT.
GNAB

3.
YA KNOW, THAT'S THE THING ABOUT THESE BROADS. SHOW A TASTE FOR GLITZ AND--WHAM!!
SUP.

4.
OFF TO SOME GOD FORSAKEN VACATIONLAND... THE GUYS DON'T GO FOR THAT HORSE SHIT... THEY JUST LIKE TA DRINK!

1.
YOU AINT SHITTIN! NOW MY JANE, IF I EVER EVEN THOUGHT--
PHAGH

2.
SAY, THERES A CUTE LITTLE NUMBER!
SNFXS! HAUGH, SNFF... OH BROTHER, YOU KIDDIN?

3.
NONE FER ME THAN X! CUNTZ'S
XIT

4.
YOU STILL SEE HIM AROUN?
LIKE WHAT JIM U SEETA SAY! FUKKEM!

1.
NO NOT MUCH, SINCE HE TURNED TO JESUS... CHRIST, THOSE GUYS ARE RELENTLESS...

2.
YOU GOT A PLACE TO STAY TONITE?
YOU KNOW IT!
GOOD 'NUFF, THEN. 'NIGHT, PAL.

3.
CLICK

4.

PEELIN'S

FOOLIN'

SQUEALIN'

DEALIN'
YAY!
SCREW
M.A.S.P.

REELIN'
GOD

CANCELLIN'

1983